

EBERHARDT MURDER LAD TO PRISONER

Man Caught in Woods
Thought to Be Feigning Insanity.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Suspected of being Augustus Eberhardt, the New York clerk who is wanted in connection with the murder of Mrs. Ollie Eberhardt, his aunt, near Coalburg, N. J., a man who either is insane or who is feigning insanity, is held today by the police of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

The man, who answers in every particular to the description furnished of young Eberhardt, except that he appears to be thirty instead of twenty years old, was captured in the woods near Unlontown.

He had \$72 with him, and when arrested gave many different addresses in and about New York, talking at the time in an irrational manner.

The suspect after arrest betrayed great interest in the Eberhardt murder, and this, with the fact that he at first gave his name as Herman Eberhardt Zimmerman, leads the police of Dobbs Ferry to think they have the man who shot Mrs. Eberhardt and her daughter.

They believe he is feigning insanity. To Prosecutor Koester, of Hackensack, N. J., Miss Eberhardt today told a much more connected story of the way her cousin and prospective bridegroom lured her and her mother to the lonely car tracks near Coalburg, where the young woman was wounded and her mother killed.

In Moore's Mill, twelve miles from Poughkeepsie, detectives interviewed young Eberhardt's father, who cast a curious light on the case by the assertion that a strain of insanity runs in the veins of young Eberhardt.

"Don't tell his mother," he pleaded, when told of his son's supposed crime. "It would drive her mad."

Another curious sidelight on the case is the disappearance in New York of a sister of the supposed slayer. She vanished from an apartment on the upper West Side, where she had been boarding, leaving behind her only a note to a younger brother, George.

The body of Mrs. Eberhardt had been stripped of its clothing, and was perfectly nude when found by the crew of a passing freight train.

District Attorney Koester learned this today, when he called before him Conductor Frank Faddock, in charge of extra freight No. 16, who found the woman's body at 3:30 o'clock Saturday night.

**LID SHUT FAST AND HARD
ON SPOKANE MATCHES;
KETCHEL GO OFF**

SPOKANE, Wash., July 21.—Before "Kid" Scaler and Abe Attell had time to don the gloves at Recreation Park last night, Prosecuting Attorney Barnhart noised about that forty warrants had been issued and placed in the hands of officials to arrest the participants in the contest.

The promoters then called the affair off. Barnhart says the announcement means death to the proposed match between Bob Fitzsimmons and Stanley Ketchel, for which forfeits have been posted.

Mr. Taft Becomes a Near Hero As Concordians Essay to Sing

Lynchburg Club Punishes Hot Springs With Alleged Melody Until Hotel Porters Capture the Chairs.
Big Candidate Never Smiles.

By JAMES HAY, JR.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., July 21.—When the Concordia Glee Club, of Lynchburg, Va., came here for a brief rest after a triumphant tour of the principal cross-roads of this part of the State, everybody was pleased. When the fifteen members of the organization agreed, without any show of reluctance, to give a concert in the ball room, more pleasure was manifested.

"We will have some fine music," said the guests of the hotel.

The word was passed along to Mr. and Mrs. Taft, and they promised to attend the concert, and take Charlie with them. They, too, were pleased at the prospect.

But as soon as the concert started, glowing pleasure flew out of the window, and pale suffering mounted the throne. The Concordia was long on discordia. The eye demonstrated that they sang from books, but the ear indicated that they sang from buckets.

I do not pose as a musical critic, but I am right there as a knocker of what that club handed out. Those singers had the tunelessness of a bellowing cow, and the soulfulness of a dog biscuit.

Mr. Taft was the only person in the ball room who did not laugh. Candidates have to be very particular about when to laugh. He was particular.

The club sang four songs, and then adjourned for "an intermission of ten minutes."

Right there was where the mistake was made. As soon as the intermission came, the hotel porters rushed in and carried off the chairs which had seated the large and unappreciative audience.

The floor was cleared for dancing, and the concert came to a swift and timely end.

Never in all its history has this swell and blue-blooded resort heard anything like that which the Concordia Glee Club of Lynchburg, Va., sent through the air of the summer night, to die a miserable and unmourned death against the helpless and unoffending mountain sides.

A Drinking Song.
The first effort was a drinking song, which was intended to portray, by a series of connected and well chosen bars, the merriment and jollity of those who woo the wine when it is red, but which really sounded like an agonized cry for ice water the morning after.

Anybody who heard that song was seized with an irresistible impulse to make a flying leap for the water wagon and murder any saloon keeper in sight.

Having given the cause of temperance a boost which would have pleased the

soul of Carrie Nation and Georgia, the leader went to the piano and struck the note which was to pitch the club into wilder discord than ever.

All the members had a prejudice against that note and refused to sing by it. Whenever it was time to go through with it, they went over it or under it. The theme of the song was love, big love, reckless love, the kind that loafs under a window and catches cold while the adored one wishes it would go home.

It had a lot of stuff in it about moonlight and starry skies, and once the tenor took it up to the heights described and was unable to bring it back.

That tenor was a wonder. In the first place, he had a long neck. Curious and all the other great tenors have short necks, but this man showed up with an elongated throat that started a note in the air, got it up halfway in trepidation, and finally threw it out like the amorous call of a crow.

The applause which greeted the love song was scattered and discreet. Nobody split any gloves over it. When the ears are split, what's the use of splitting gloves?

The third study in the science of murdering harmony was something about marching off to war and coming back to find that the girl had married another man for love and three square meals a day. It was a pathetic little thing, full of tears that nobody shed and minors that no two could sing together.

In one place, it was supposed to imitate the thunderous clamor of a bloody charge up a perpendicular incline, into the mouths of cannon, over the hill and far away to victory. That imitation was great. It provoked hostility and engendered hatred.

One old lady, who looked like a dowager and talked like a duck, lost control of herself and rushed from the ball room. If she had stayed another minute, she might have thrown her fan and diamond tiara at the basso, who had a fit of mental aberration, and thought he was a cannon with nothing to do but roar in three-quarter time.

Then came the last song. The audience didn't know then that it was the last, and consequently received it with some coolness. It was called a "Medley of Southern Airs." First in line for the torture was "Way Down on the Suwannee River."

Some day, when I have the price of the railroad ticket, I am going down on the Suwannee river. Since the Concordia sang that song, the river has a sort of fascination for me. Any river which inspires that singing must be dark, dank, and dismal. What I want to discover is why anybody ever wanted to go there or why anybody's heart could turn toward it.

Then came "My Old Kentucky Home," "Ole Black Joe," and a few others which were recognized with difficulty by a few correct notes. The Concordia went through them with unharmonious howls. That club just couldn't get together.

Each Was Apart.
The members had walked into the room together, they had been traveling

STREET IS BIGGER THAN CANDIDATES

—M. E. Ingalls

Railroad Man Thinks After-Election Flurry Won't Last Long.

HOT SPRINGS, Va., July 21.—Wall Street is bigger and more powerful than any prospective President of the United States, according to the belief of Melville E. Ingalls, formerly president of the "Big Four" and Chesapeake and Ohio railroad.

A strong admirer and supporter of William Jennings Bryan, Ingalls, in an interview published today, declares that radical though the Comonomer is, the flurry due to his election would be only a short one.

"If Bryan is elected," said Ingalls, "there would be a commotion in the Street for about a month. Then things would quiet down to their usual level."

The election of Taft probably would not cause any such flurry, but in either event conditions would be about the same within a month after the election.

"I have no doubt that Mr. Taft would pursue Roosevelt's policies, but if he is elected he can follow this course without causing the disaster that Roosevelt caused by following his own policies."

The reason is simple. Taft being of a judicious temperament, will act and not talk. It was Roosevelt's talk and not his policies that caused the trouble.

"Bryan has been hailed as a radical man, but his temperament is such that once he is seated in the Presidential chair he would become a sober and conservative statesman."

together and they even had eaten together, but music was the one place where they could not meet. They flew apart, each after a different note, each bent on his own pleasure. Harmony was the one barrier which kept them eternally separated.

It was at this time that the fair young thing with the very blond hair looked into the mirror to see if her locks were turning gray, and the old gentleman who had been a general in the Confederate army was looking for somebody whom he could challenge to a duel merely as a means of relieving his feelings.

It was also at this time that the intermission was taken by the club and prolonged into eternity by the audience.

Mr. Taft, however, saved the day. He stood and smiled at each of the over-estimated songsters and shook hands with them as they filed past. If there is one town which owes Mr. Taft its vote it is that little borough of Lynchburg, Va., the home of wonderful cigar-ettes and weird singers. He was kind to those singers.

He had to be. He's a candidate.

WOMAN ACCUSES BARTON MILLER

Says He Raised Money on Her Property Without Her Knowledge.

One more action against J. Barton Miller, the accused treasurer of the First Co-operative Building Association, was brought today.

Mrs. Martha Belt brought a suit against him in Justice Bundy's court, in which she charges him with having raised money on her property without her knowledge. She claims that he owes her \$30, which he secured on a mortgage on premises 1414 Thirty-sixth street northwest.

In her declaration Mrs. Belt declares that she was unaware that the transaction had been made until a month ago, when she received a notice that six months' interest was due on her loan. Then, she says, she went to Mr. Miller and asked for an explanation.

He paid the interest, she adds, and told her that everything was all right. Mrs. Belt says she had borrowed amounting to \$100 from Mr. Miller. She is represented by Attorney Daniel W. O'Donoghue.

SOCIAL GOSSIP IN THE CAPITAL

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

Summers, of Mahanoy City, Pa., who were in Washington to attend the Sommers-Bendheim wedding, which took place last Wednesday, have returned home.

Mrs. B. Nordlinger has returned from Falls Church, Va., and is spending the remainder of the summer at the Blue Mountain House, Blue Mountains, Md.

Mrs. Samuel Rothchild and children and her guests, Mrs. Frank Simon and children, of Monticello, Fla., are spending some time at Atlantic City.

Miss Pauline Kronheim is spending several weeks with friends at Ashburn, Va., on the Stewart farm.

Miss Kaufman, of Richmond, Va., was in the city with friends during the week, when en route to Youngstown, Ohio.

Miss Violet Letterman has returned to her home in Charlottesville, Va., after being the guest for a few days of Miss Clara Strauss.

Miss Rose Wheatfield and her nephew, Albert Lissberger, Jr., of Baltimore, are the guests for two weeks of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schwab, of Columbia road, while Mr. and Mrs. A. Lissberger are taking a water trip to New York and Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Sinsheimer are spending several weeks at Colonial Beach, Va., to be joined later by their son, Maurice Sinsheimer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Kaufman will sail August 7 from New York for Europe, where they will spend two months.

ADMIT SLAUGHTER OF REBEL WOMEN

Dutch Campaigners Excuse Action by Citing Warlike Spirit of Sumatrans.

THE HAGUE, July 21.—A practical confession of guilt was received today from the officers of the Dutch campaign against the Acheen rebels in Northern Sumatra, to the charges that women and children were being slaughtered.

The slaughter is admitted, but the action is defended on the ground that the women and children are as dangerous fighters as the regular Acheen soldiers. The anti-government wing in the assembly proposes to make this admission the basis of a vigorous attack on the majority's policy.

One case cited is that of a hamlet in the Wayla district, which the Dutch surprised at night, captured without a fight, and deliberately shot nearly two score women and children, along with many of the men inhabitants.

DISTRICT TO GET \$100,000 BACK TAXES

Street Extension Money Unpaid Will Be Collected by Order of Commissioners.

After having been in arrears for the last nine years, the sum of nearly \$100,000 due the District of Columbia in unpaid taxes is to be collected at once through the office of Commissioner West. Through a misunderstanding in the routine of the Assessor's office, there has not even been any effort made hitherto to collect the money due.

Commissioner West has made a personal examination of the books in the Assessor's office and discovered from the records of the arrears division that special assessments which had been levied against certain properties for street extensions years ago, remained unpaid. He learned that the Assessor's office had been advised that collection of such assessments could not be enforced, and, therefore, had not attempted to collect them.

The matter was submitted to Corporation Counsel Thomas, who today submitted an opinion that these taxes should be collected as are other taxes in the District. The exact sum is \$91,702.

WHEN WILLIE RESTS.

Willie had been ill, so he was sent to the country for a rest and to regain his health. Of course, he was told to write as soon as he arrived. But a week passed before his mother received the following note:

"Dear mother: I got here all right, but forgot to write. I and another boy went out in a boat and the boat upset, but a man got me out all right. I was filled with water and didn't know anything for a long time. A horse kicked me over yesterday, so I've got a big bandage on my head. We're going to set fire to a barn tonight, so I suppose we'll have lots of fun. I'm going to bring a dandy dog home if I can get him in my trunk. Your loving son, Willie."

EIGHT CONVICTED UNDER HEALTH LAW

(Continued from First Page.)

the standard, as well as the patrons of hotels and restaurants.

The cost of the extension of the inspection service, however, must be taken into consideration. For a long time the Health Department has anticipated the conditions revealed by the inspection now in progress, but was handicapped by a lack of funds.

"As soon as the appropriation was available, the work was begun and the results are a matter of common knowledge. To extend the investigation to the boarding houses necessarily will weaken the work of inspection unless additional inspectors are provided. If they can be obtained I am heartily in favor of including boarding houses in the list of eating places under the supervision of the Health Department."

As a means of further systematizing the inspection of hotels, restaurants, lunch rooms, etc., Dr. Woodward has under consideration the installation of a "score card system," such as is in vogue in the supervision of dairies and dairy farms.

In the dairies so many points are given for cleanliness of general premises, so many for cleanliness of clothing, hands, etc., of the attendants, so many for equipment, etc.

A copy of this score is left with the proprietor and one is placed on file at the Health Department. In this way it is an easy matter for both to determine in what details the establishments are lacking in the standards required.

Dr. Woodward said today that he believed a similar system with regard to the eating places would greatly facilitate the work of the department.

Excellent conditions were found in the cafes of apartment houses to which the inspectors yesterday devoted their attention. Sixteen apartment houses were visited. There were a few instances in which the inspectors recommended screens, and the owners will be notified to this effect.

The house to house campaign will begin tomorrow. Householders will be notified by policemen to clean up their cellars and back yards wherever necessary. Dr. Woodward expresses himself as confident that he will receive the cooperation of citizens generally in the cleaning up process to which the city is being subjected, but individuals who fail to regard the regulations as to the removal of garbage and refuse from their premises will be prosecuted in the Police Court.

KISSED BY NEGRO TO CURE DISEASE

READING, Pa., July 21.—In accordance with a belief of many of the old residents here that the kiss of a colored person will cure a child of whooping cough, or will act as a sure preventive of the disease, Charles Miller, a well-known negro, is kept busy just now, owing to the prevalence of the disease.

Miller's kisses are said to be especially beneficial as a cure, and during the last week more than thirty white babies have been brought to him to be kissed. Many cures are reported.

Miller is a kindly, cheerful dandy, about sixty-five years old, and charges nothing for his services. "I love 'em, bless 'em," he said, "and even if my kissing 'em didn't do 'em good, it could not do 'em any harm. I'm willing to kiss all the babies that are brought to me."

For Years

THE CORBY BAKERY

has cordially invited the public to inspect the conditions under which its products are manufactured.

Thousands have availed themselves of this opportunity, and the greatest compliment you could confer upon us would be to ask those who have been through our bakery to be our judges.

You will then understand how easy it was for the inspectors on July 18 to arrive at the verdict: The

"Corby Bakery Clean and Sanitary"

Our patrons are assured now, as in the past, that all breads bearing our label are manufactured from scientifically selected materials, 100 per cent pure, and baked under most sanitary conditions.